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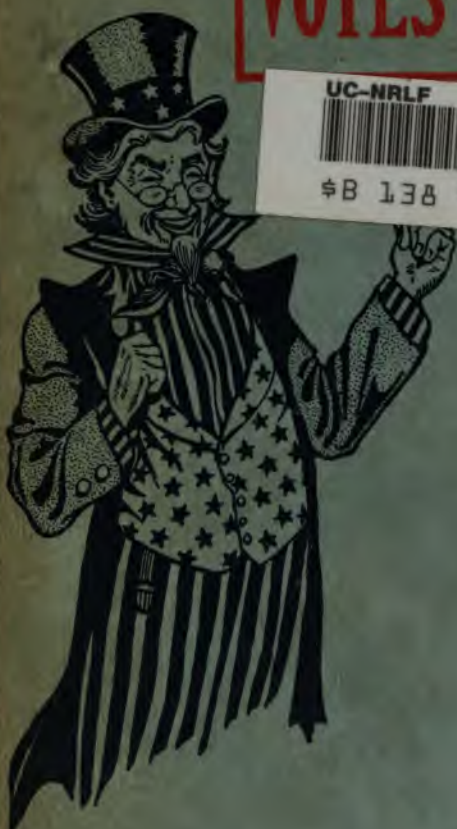

"It's up to you, Son," says UNCLE SAM.

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WELL, SON,

It's up to you. If the women could only manage their own funeral we'd all be happier. But the suffragettes were too smart for that. On every topic under the sun, they insist, women must be allowed to vote, only and excepting on the question whether or not she *wants* to vote. That is something the women of the State are not capable of deciding (to the satisfaction of the suffragettes). We know we can't bamboozle all our own sex, probably reasoned these shrewd female politicians, but by making great tumult and a shouting we *may* be able to bamboozle the ma-

jority of the men. Are they right?

If you are of those whose working theory of life is to sit on the bleachers eating peanuts and watching the performers you won't be much concerned with the issue either way. But we're supposing you are a live one enough to want to take a hand in the game yourself.

If you're the average man, you're only rather sore at the whole business. If you are troubled with a chronic conscience, you may be a little worried and hazy at times as to how you ought to vote, and do the right thing. For you've listened —there's been no escape from it— to lots of abuse, and no man enjoys being called a tyrant who is keeping other human souls in bondage, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Have the women got your goat too, then, by the simple bluff of accusing

you of tyranny? No man likes to be called a bully and a tyrant, but don't get morbid on the subject. Just because certain females are sticking out their tongue and making bad, naughty faces at you, it is not necessary to grovel in the dust before them, nor to feel it the part of good-humored politeness to offer them any and all of your most valued possessions to make them quit.

The mistake is in taking them seriously just because they are women. The suffragettes are like any political party conducting a campaign. If they were men you'd be on to them, but the women can go on using all the tricks of the trade of the worst male politician, and still some man will listen with awe. Like all politicians their stock arguments are a tissue of fallacies

and misrepresentations. All in the political game and no harm done, but it needs to be taken with a very large dose of salt. Why, they ring in even a respectable man like Abe Lincoln as their star champion. Poor old Abe, who in one unguarded moment in his green and salad days let slip a remark that got into print but that he never afterward recollected nor repeated. But some highbrow suffragette dug up the quotation from his collected works (in ten volumes) and now they hurl him at you from platforms. And we have let them talk this stuff and stuff like it, and swallowed lots of it. You too!

The long suit of the American man is his sense of humor—it is one of our grandest national traits. Of course we realize that, and that it's almost blasphemous to question

its sublimity and efficiency. The American man—some of them we all know—has got it cultivated to the point where he is just tickled to death at the spectacle of himself being led by the nose by his womenfolks. He thinks it's just awfully cute of them, you know, to do it, and is quite capable of putting his tongue in his cheek and winking at the innocent bystander as he is led by in a suffragette procession or makes a policy speech from the rostrum, or, yes, from the pulpit even, to curry favor from some female cranks or crankiness. But apropos of this sense of humor, it is a question if even the wink to the "knowing" spectator saves the man in the case from looking at times what he is—a monkey on a string. We know that "gentlemen-suffragettes" are not all of the type

of a recent speaker whose plea for woman's entrance into political life was that "we need her protection." We know they are not all of the near-male species that "need her protection," but many are otherwise good men and true simply afflicted with ingrowing consciences. Now it is very meet, right and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places consider what we owe to our neighbor. But our whole duty to our neighbor does not include the duty of allowing ourselves to be held up and sandbagged by highwaymen, whether male or female.

But maybe you were not making any plans for marching with the Pankhurst circus wagon, and believed all was serene on the Potomac, until yesterday or the day before yesterday, when that bright

and neat and sweet little person (she had a dimple too) whom you met at lunch or at dinner, talked at you so convincingly, because so sweetly, of *her* right to vote. Since when you have been a little puzzled, and more than a little annoyed, over the subject. For why should a bright and sweet little person who's just dying to vote, why should she not vote indeed, when the boy who shines your shoes and the waiter you tip *can* vote. Isn't she the intellectual equal of said bootblack or said waiter, we'd like to know? (That particular bright and sweet little person, between you and me, she's a bird of a suffragette, she is, and only talked the stuff because she thought it up to date, and because she had been told the pose was particularly fetching in a person of her winning personality.)

She succeeded in making you uncomfortable, for you took her seriously, yet you are still a little afraid of being "had," and it's a wise fear.

It isn't so bad for a man to be made a fool of once in a lifetime, provided it's in a worthy cause, and the woman is very pretty. But, how would you like to be made a fool of *all* the time, by, say your ignorant and superstitious scrubwoman—she may be a good woman and all that, but would you like to be under her thumb? You might stand it from Miss Dimples, but how would you like to be made a fool of by the sisterhood of cranks who wear gray woolen underwear and number seven shoes and whose skirt and waist don't meet in the back? You might stand being bossed *once* in a while by a woman you could respect, but would you enjoy being

the fool of the women of the underworld?

That bright and sweet Miss Dimples, you think she's good enough to vote. But would she? She might, just once, for the thrilling experience, and because it would look real cunning you know in a pretty woman. But she'd soon be bored and drop it. Just because she is such a bright and sweet little person she'd have other interests in life. But the other women, they are the ones who would vote with gusto, stay up nights to vote. For the army of the disappointed it's a thing to fill their barren hearts and lives, and they'd work it to a finish.

That there are in the "ranks" of the suffragettes a few attractive women, like your little friend, we'll all admit. They have, in all innocent unconsciousness, allowed them-

selves to be used as catspaws to pull chestnuts the platform ladies can't reach, and their pleasant looks and winning ways utilized by their shrewder suffragette sisters as bait to catch votes.

That there are, calling themselves suffragettes, many really good and womanly women, is undeniable. These ladies, perhaps not very thoughtful, shall we say? have allowed their sex-prejudice to be appealed to and are determined, whatever their own normal lack of interest in the ballot, that no one shall say they will not protect "their sisters' rights!" And probably of all the women to-day who are saying they want the vote, protesting, revoluting, the majority must be acquitted of any real interest in "the cause." They are following a new fashion as, since fig-leaves in

Eden, they have rushed to don the latest horror, in clothes or conduct. It was hobble skirts last season. What it was the season before, mere man cannot remember. This season it's "Votes for women!"

The average man knows that patience is the only remedy for this sort of thing, that the particular brand of folly lasts only as long as the craze that gave it a start, that the dear women will come through all right in the end.

But—aside from the mere notoriety-seekers, who are always with us—let's see who are the women who are *pushing* this thing, who are in it for all it's worth to them, who really do want to vote. They are not all the typically soured and disappointed old maid. But they, with the Miss Nancys in trousers who march in their processions, are both

too half-sexed to know what sex-distinction is, and all that it means in life. In refusing them the vote we are not seeking to deprive these ladies of one of the few pleasures in lives that won't admit of much excitement at the best—we are rather determined to protect the rights of normal women to lead a normal woman's life and to get the protection and consideration they need, but which is lessened if their whole sex becomes unpopular with men. In other words, if a woman knocks a man's hat off in a street fight, she can't expect that man to get up and give her his seat in the car. With the best intentions in the world, men are only human.

It's a case of "you love me as I love you." The true suffragette is a man-hater. Her chief end and aim, to stir up sex-antagonism.

It is quite probable—why shrink from a little plain speaking—that the head and front of the movement is the women of middle age. We don't mean old, an old woman can generally be trusted to have some sense. But physicians realize that there comes a time in almost every woman's life when she is subject, to a greater or less degree, to forms of mental aberration. There are critical years through which a sweet-natured and perfectly healthy woman with settled interests in her children and a broad, sane outlook on life may pass without danger to her temper or her judgment—but the fact remains that the perfectly healthy woman is the exception, not the rule. In women of "the dangerous age" suffragetting is nothing more dignified than a pathological symptom. This

accounts for the odd but explicable fact of the man-phobia developed at such a period by the sensual or disappointed woman, whose suddenly acquired hatred of men leads her to let loose in senseless and unwomanly diatribes of abuse and contempt for the male sex. And it accounts also for the weird conduct of the woman who is refined and good but physically below par, and who in middle life often becomes astonishingly abnormal in nerves and mentality and finds no freak or fad too great. Women at such a time ought not to be making fools of themselves on platforms or in politics, but retired to the quiet of private life until they are in touch with normal feelings and sympathies again.

The cold, frosty fact, seemingly not understood by most men, is that

erratic, excitable or overmasterful women are suffering from some defect of organism, and that the women to whom the woman's programme doesn't appeal, simply have not the blood and nerve to enjoy it. The women who, by defect of nature, disappointed lives, sickness, or age, are looking with a grim killjoy eye on the world at large, they are just keen for all sorts of repressive and erratic legislation if they can get a finger in the pie. They'd make lovely statesmen! Huh!

A pitiful thing is man's ignorance of women—at times leading him to unkindness and injustice to her (with the very kindest intentions) through not recognizing her limitations and her helpless weakness in many phases of life, at times leading him to look with awe upon her as a prophetess when any doctor

could tell him, in five minutes, that her remarks have just about as much relevance to truth and to life as the ravings of a lunatic.

Ignorance about women is fostered by men's false modesty in not informing themselves about woman's peculiar nature, and by woman's conscious or unconscious shrewdness in realizing that she has man dippy as long as she has him guessing

To consider just some of woman's physical disabilities; physically she cannot get into a row, or even submit to the scuffling or hustling of crowds with safety—a blow upon the chest that would only make a man cuss a little, may slowly kill her with cancer; she can't endure overexertion, mental or physical, at certain times without danger of permanent feminine ills—her na-

ture demands (that she too often does not get it is the largest cause of all woman's invalidism) rest of body and mind for several days of every month of her life from girlhood to old age; she cannot endure a life of dissension or effort during pregnancy without danger to all the future vitality of her child and the generations after him—nor during the nursing period without lessening or destroying her capacity to nurse her child and its consequent depleted vigor through improper food; she cannot endure mental or physical overexertion, nor bear any great physical or mental responsibility, during the critical years of her middle age without danger to herself and to all those about her. In short, for a great part of woman's life she must have freedom not only from

hard work, but from worry and strife. ¶If there is any one thing that will destroy a woman's physical vigor it is contention and anger, the life of competition and struggle — it is now destroying women, and through them the race, since woman's entrance into the economic struggle. Why add to this by permitting her to destroy herself in the political struggle as well? Why add to one evil another?

Tranquility and not strife must be the keynote of a woman's life. Thus woman, at every point in her life, demands, and *must* have protection and chivalry from men. Woman's rights! ¶The one indisputable, absolute right of woman in relation to the state is the right of *exemption* from political duties. Motherhood is her contribution to

the state, and to that burden only a coward will with deliberate intent seek to add to the further burden of political responsibility. Only a fool will seriously seek to justify by the freak arguments of abnormal, unsexed women, a program which proposes to pile upon the shoulders of normal women the burden of man's responsibility, which he alone is able to bear. Motherhood, the greatest single fact in life, can exist in its perfection only when other functions of life are performed by the male, and woman left free for her great work.

If you vote for the ballot for women, you vote to start a corrupting force for all heedless women, a *burden* on good women. The man who opposes woman's so-called emancipation is not the brutal and self-important bigot the excitable

ladies would have us suppose. He is, rather, the far-sighted lover of his country and his kind who sees woman rushing forward to her own, and through her, the race's, destruction, and puts out the hand of human kindness and fellowship to stop her. There is no way of getting round it, woman's sex is a handicap to her, always will be. She is no more fitted for man's work in the world than man is for hers.

Woman cannot enter into any fair competition, physical, mental or economic, with men. "A fair field and no favor" is impossible. *She must* have favor, and his gives her in every way the advantage of man. Fairness and favor both she cannot have. Her "right" is a right to protection. The whole duty of man toward woman? It is to protect

her, even against herself if need be. She has a right to be protected because she can't live a normal woman's life without protection. The normal woman finds herself irresistibly called to motherhood, and it is a work that will exact all her time, strength, intelligence and effort to bring to a successful conclusion. This is logically, inevitably, the life of the normal woman. The abnormal and superfluous woman does not need here to be considered. Laws are made for the protection and preservation of the normal type.

Let a woman reverence her sex. The natural woman is a mother; youth is a preparation for it, twenty or more years of her mature life must be spent in fulfilling it—then she needs a little rest. Motherhood, and the protection that makes

motherhood happy and successful, this is her vital right, her true birthright, and no ravings of neurotic spinsters should have a voice in bringing about a scheme of things that reduces the protection that man must give to woman to have this right realized.

As for political "rights," what "rights" has man? No man can possibly have a right to anything in a political community except as the community allow it to him. If it is against the interests of society as a whole that woman should vote, then she has no *right* to vote.

The ballot has been at different times and places restricted by terms of residence or property or educational qualifications. It may have sex restrictions. It is never yet universal, and altogether unrestricted, in its application. The

state recognizes woman as a *citizen* by reason of her position as home-maker and as mother, but the common sense and experience of society has delegated the voting and governing power to man, with a due sense of the good of society. As to the connection between taxation and the vote, male suffrage in the United States is not based upon property qualifications. To carry to its logical conclusion the argument that because a woman may pay taxes she should have the ballot, is to say that a man can be a voter in several places at once because he pays taxes on property in several places. It is to say that the intelligent citizen who is not a taxpayer is to be deprived of his ballot.

The ballot is a prerogative, not a natural law. And it is a prerogative granted to men as possible de-

fenders of the State. Man's *rights?* In the beginning he had to demonstrate his very right to live, and demonstrate it among the men of the tribe with his naked fist. As common sense showed how time could be saved, they cut out this fighting to a certain extent and decided disputes by a show of hands. And back of every peaceful vote today stands that alternative of *force.* Government is the work of the man because it depends upon him alone for its very existence. For law is only an expression of might, and back of every law must be force (potential force, at least) if it is to prevail. No electorate can exist which is unable to enforce its own laws.

As for woman's mental qualifications as a voter—What is politics? It is simply the machinery of gov-

ernment. And the function of government is the very ticklish business of interfering with the liberty of some for the good of all. The best motto for good government is "Go slow," and it is not brilliance of intellect and enterprise that are needed. In fact a little stupidity doesn't do any harm here, while too much "smartness" and imagination may. We don't deny to woman intelligence. But government doesn't call for intellect, it calls for *sense*. It calls for wisdom, moderation, fair play, all qualities not pre-eminent in the fairer sex. They are constitutionally incapable of fair play, of justice. It has been over and over again shown that their idea of politics is the boycott, their ideal of government is autocracy. Of course they assure us their efforts would be all along the line of *reform*. But

no amount of legislation will bring the millenium—the millenium will come first in men's hearts and minds. That you cannot make a man moral by act of parliament is what no woman has yet been got to understand. Nor that results are produced from causes.

The drink evil is a fair example of the evils they seek to remedy and the methods they advertise. Now drunkenness is caused either by economic conditions so hard that they drive man to seek unconsciousness from trouble in mental stupor; or it is caused by the physical distress and unrest produced by improper feeding. The first, economic hardship, is not to be cured by legislation against *liquor;* and as for drunkenness through improper diet, well, that *is* woman's responsibility all right, and lies not in politics but in

the home itself. Prohibition of all sale of alcohol, a fad started by the influence of women, does not prohibit, and has had no results but the production of hypocrisy, and the formation of worse habits than drink—the long train of drug evils.

Women's ideas of political methods are well typified in the women stump speakers in the Tacoma recall campaign—you may remember—one party of whom was for the recall because the offending mayor had been married three times, the other party against his opponent because said opponent had not married until he was forty-eight years old. If this sort of tommyrot can be listened to seriously by women voters they will soon be quite capable of blackballing a candidate because they don't like the color of his hair or his mother-

in-law doesn't belong to the woman's club. Shall it be said that these Tacoma ladies and their political arguments offer an extreme case of the irrationality of women in politics? Well, here is another—Irritated by the activity of Senator Grady in shelving the suffrage bill in the New York Legislature, the very "rev." leader of the National Associated Suffragettes gave it out as her opinion in a newspaper interview that men of foreign names ought not to be allowed to have a vote on such a question anyway. Does such an utterance placing a ban on all "citizens bearing foreign names," because one of them has voted against woman suffrage, suggest the possession of that intelligence, judgment and mental balance which are needed in politics? Does it seem to show that woman's in-

fluence is *needed* in politics, that we just can't do business right without it?

This fable of woman's gentle purifying influence being called for in political life, how has it demonstrated in the states where the franchise for women already exists? The banner woman's suffrage state of them all is also one of the most offensively corrupt states in the Union for its political scandals. We're not saying the women brought this about (that would be perhaps going a little too far; though it is possible it may be literally true from men's lessened sense of responsibility where women too have the vote), but we *are* saying that they have here had their chance to show what they can do—and they have shown us! Like the party in the good old song:

"I give myself away. 'Tis all that I can do."

Women are needed in politics to reform it, are they? Woman has had pretty nearly two thousand years to reform the world—since the dawn of the Christian era her influence and voice have been listened to. Since the very beginning of time even, she has had supreme power to fashion the honor and integrity of men in the years when character is formed—the years of childhood. The very worst grafter in the country to-day, he had a mother, didn't he? A mother who found something else, whether frivolity, whether "woman's rights," more interesting than her child's salvation. If women really want to reform the world, and are not talking just to hear themselves talk, there is one place where it

might be done, and that is in the nursery.

Can man do woman's work? No, no more can woman do man's work. Whence this pretension of women to be omniscient, omnipotent and infallible? What exactly does she think she is? sort of understudy for the Deity. Human wisdom, human power, human virtue, is limited—by human nature. And this is again cut down, by the limitations of sex —in both men and women. Man and woman stand side by side as two *equal* but *diverse* human entities. Woman's nature is fundamentally, organically different from man's. The failure to recognize the limitations of sex is simply an evidence of mental fog.

The women claim that their votes are needed for the protection of the working woman, and of the child.

Isn't this a monstrous charge, that man's hand is against women, against children? It is not more monstrous than idiotic. No law has been put on the statute books of the suffrage states for the benefit of the women and children that has been put there by the women. The child labor laws have gone through independently of the women's vote. The hours of working women have not been shortened nor their wages raised. The states in the Union having the most favorable laws for the protection of women and children to-day are the states having manhood suffrage only. How did these laws get into the statute books in these states? They must have taken mobs of female voters at the polls? Not quite, the American woman got what she has by attending to her business *as* a woman,

and earning the respect of men, who wanted to make life just and right for her and for their children. They didn't have to be persuaded—she was her own argument.

Haven't these political women a little bit degenerated from the typical American woman we have known and loved, when they want to get into the ring and *fight* man, seek to arouse the old evil passion of sex-antagonism that lies deep down with the other base and jungle traits of our nature? And for what end? Every traveled man knows, the American woman is the most petted, the most spoiled darling on the face of the globe. Whence this howl about oppression? Who is being oppressed anyway? If you search industriously to find who is at the bottom of the heap, it's dollars to doughnuts it's "mere man."

What is a woman? Not as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, et al., charge, an evil or inferior being. Let's not rake up old scandals, they're not true anyhow, and these would-be philosophers are somewhat foolish. But the vacuous woman-worshippers, are they not fools too? And it is not proved that, of the two, their folly is not the more destructive to the race. What is woman? Well, she is neither an angel nor a devil, though she's been called both. Woman has immense power over man, through his passions to enslave him. She has greater power, through his ideals, to inspire or to degrade him. Because of this she does seem at times to man to be an uncanny and mysterious creature, whether angel *or* devil. But she is neither. She is just a human being, our sister, and

with the failings and imperfections of a human being. She is not more stupid than man, nor more intelligent—she is different. She is not worse than man, nor better. She is different. The great illusion about woman's superior goodness is only man's passionate desire that she *should* be good. But man can respect better by understanding than by over-valuing women.

Woman is in love with power. Her absolute authority with children tends to autocracy in every relation and thought. The best woman alive henpecks if you let her. Her social conscience is not large, nor meant to be. Her duty to cherish and develop the individual child, and society can go hang. The personal equation biases woman in every relation of life—the impersonal, the judicial, is impossible to her.

A good mother is a poor voter. Not fair-minded, not just, not meant to be. She has a narrow but powerfully concentrated intelligence. A good mother is a person of one idea. A good voter must not be.

Woman, by her nature, is the personification of nervous energy, of emotion, of sentiment. That nervous energy and emotion were given her for expression in her natural channels, of love and motherhood. When this outlet is damned, it becomes a tide of unreason, of anarchy.

Oh, but I can change my nature, says she! No, you cannot, and you ought not if you could. Society needs you as you are. The vote for woman is not for the general good, for it would destroy her abilities as a mother, and the race and the nation needs her work as mother, and

she needs it for her own development. There are plenty of able-bodied men to save woman from having to do the work of government. The men cannot, however, have the babies.

The sphere of home is derided as "narrow" by those women who in what home-making and motherhood calls for find themselves up against something too *big* for their mental and moral strength, and so get out and abuse it.

We don't say to woman, your sphere is in the kitchen. Because it isn't. A woman's duties as home-maker do involve some domestic economy, but this varies according to her husband's income and the state of civilization in which she lives. Household drudgery may sometimes have to be done by women—just as men have a certain

amount of drudgery in their work—but it is not woman's fundamental *duty*. Her fundamental duty is maternity and the duties that go with it—of creating a home for the children to grow in. And this duty will occupy all the working years, as much working time as any human being should give out of these years. Woman's household *drudgery* has been lessened, but her household *responsibility* has increased along with the increased need of trained intelligence in the feeding and hygiene of the race. It is most superficial twaddle to say that woman's work has passed out of the home, along with the spinning and weaving. Woman's work in the home has *increased* in importance with the centuries. It is the woman who is, or ought to be, through the home, the guardian of the race's vitality.

And her responsibility to the child is increasing, not lessening. The question of the child is the great ethical question we are facing, the future of the child. And in comparison with it, so far as the real interest or deep anxiety of the American woman as a sex is concerned, the question of suffrage fades into absolute insignificance. With the trend of the best medical opinion advocating the postponement of school age to eight or ten years, and the best educational opinion lamenting the deadness of routine of present educational methods, the lack of moral training and the lack of individual development, the mother's place as educator is more and more coming to the front. Moral character, mental habits, must be formed in the home. The school supplements but can

never usurp the place of the home in the work of education.

There is a pose some women affect when the subject of maternity is broached, a pose of boredom at such an antedeluvian topic! The woman who belittles motherhood, its meaning and its opportunity, has neither religion, morals, nor even plain sense. Successful motherhood is woman's greatest glory, beside which anything else she may do is as nothing.

What is the most revered woman's name the world has known, knows to-day? Is it that of some queen, or empress of the ancient world, some woman in guise of man on the field of battle, or some female would-be philosopher, scientist or artist? Not any of these. But just Mary, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth. She was the greatest

woman, because, simply, she was mother of the greatest man the world has seen. A narrow sphere and calling was hers!

The pitiful bleats of the women who complain that their individuality must be sacrificed on the altar of maternity! There is no question here of a woman being sacrificed. Her life as an *individual* can be fulfilled only through maternity. No one in this life is irresponsible, a free agent in the sense of *unrestricted.* Each must work out his own salvation and find his own individuality in conformity with the laws of nature and of nature's God. Neither women nor men can find their own individuality, live out their own lives, outside the pale of natural laws and duties. No fulfilment of individuality this way, only barren failure and self-destruction.

This does not mean that all old maids are specimens of inefficient and unlovely womanhood. Not at all. Accidents will happen in the best regulated lives. And faulty bringing-up, puritanism or over-timidity, has kept more than one lovable woman before now, and will again, from getting a mate.

Nor does it mean that all mothers are saints. Many women are mothers who for the general sweetness and wholesomeness of society ought, as mothers, to be shot. All that can be said is that without this saving grace they might be worse!

It certainly does not mean that all men are models of sense, forbearance and political sagacity. Many, very many, we regret to say it, of the male sex are muckers, duffers and otherwise n. g. in private or political life.

What we are talking about is human *averages.*

And we repeat, that her fitness for motherhood is the supreme test of a woman's worth. Right here some thin-lipped, flat-chested sister will declaim, listen to these brutal tyrants of men trying to thrust all responsibility of parenthood on us, etc. These brutal men! A man's share in parenthood is so slight that he only knows he is a parent by hearsay and belief, and has to establish the institution of marriage to be sure of his own children. But the woman, she can never dissever herself from the child nor deny it, without first destroying herself. A man has had historically more legal right over children than the woman because he was the provider, the legal head of the family.

We do not say that a man should

shirk his duties as a father. But it remains an incontestable, unalterable biologic fact, that parenthood is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence.

Certain prophets of female emancipation—from all female duties into a glorious apotheosis of a sort of neuter state—have argued thus. The animal mother doesn't give a great deal of her time to her offspring, but devotes herself to other pursuits—why should the human mother have to sacrifice her life, etc., etc. My dear but rather silly woman, what is it that makes the human race above the beasts that perish? It doesn't call for learned men to tell you, but every schoolboy knows it is the longer period of infancy that allows for greater development, and right up the scale of living creatures, as the breed improves there's this one

fact—of increased length of infancy or period of development—until in man you find a creature needing not only legally but scientifically twenty-one years, or more than a fourth of its life-span, for the work of growth.

Now we can't put our children in any sort of social machines and turn the crank and produce properly matured men and women. The results where this has been tried—where children have been raised in institutions—are too crying in their piteous failure to need comment. Even our public schools at present are taxed with much of the work that should belong to the home, and are failing in just this work. And to talk of taking more of the child's training out of the home is asinine folly. We know that institution children die, not only infants but

older children, at a rate of mortality not equaled by the vilest slums. For children can not flourish mentally, can not even survive physically, without the warm energizing electricity of love.

We are seeing at the present day, how even organized charity is rushing to place the children committed to its care—the orphans and derelicts—in private homes, in families. No more institutions for them. It's not good enough for them, and it certainly is not good enough for our heart's dearest and best. Are they to have this institution dodge run on them? The human plant needs the warmth of human love, and the soil of individualized environment, or it does not grow, it dies. Are we proposing to cease upon the wind, to be no more, or in other words, to all go up in smoke? Because if we are not,

if we are proposing to continue the human race upon the earth, we have got to stick to the good old-fashioned institution of the Home, with a good old-fashioned mother "on the job."

Motherhood is now, and is coming to be more and more, recognized as a true human work, and one requiring as much wisdom, skill and thoroughness as any profession. For the object is no longer to bear children and somehow or other to rear them to adult life—it is to bring all thought, effort, instruction, largeness of vision, all that heart and science has to offer, to make one small amorphous morsel of childhood the very best and completest individual humanly possible.

It is not by cultivating her social instincts, feeling for justice, fair play, and broad human outlook, that

woman is going to help on the race. As much as she turns her attention to the *public* good by so much she destroys the race she is trying to serve, and this is no Irish bull either. She can't be fair-minded even without becoming a poor mother. Maternity like love must be blind. If the mother of little Johnny Brown, for instance, is a rational woman, and realizes that little Johnny Jones is just as pleasing a specimen as her wall-eyed offspring, and just as due to consideration, she might be more fair-minded, but she would not be so crazy to make of her own little Johnny something truly great and good, at the expense maybe if necessary of all the other little Johnnies in creation. No woman is naturally fair-minded and sanely just. She is intense, she is irrational, she is crazy. She is a born partisan from

the word go. Add to this the habit of autocracy developed by her habit of authority in the home. Add to this the mental irresponsibility engendered by physical condition at certain times of her life. What does it add up to? A model voter?

But, say the single sisters. What about us? We're not handicapped that way! Not that way, sisters, no, but, it's too bad, you are in other ways. In judgment, poise, knowledge of life and of humanity, just half a woman. Added to this, she has all the unavoidable, intrinsic qualities of mental bias that are part of her sex as a *potential* mother.

Man and woman created He them. All arguments come back to the glaring and undeniable fact of sex-distinctions in life. Man the aggressive, woman the cherishing sex. The same to-day as it was yes-

terday, and will be forever. We don't want women in political life. Why need we be ashamed to acknowledge that it is because we like a softer, sweeter type and want to preserve that same—not, in the lurid language of the lady novelist, to "pander to the lusts of men," but from a safe and sane racial instinct that the woman's sex shall be kept fit for its mission to the race. The only women who get riled at such a statement are the women who can't interest men, and know it. They are the ones to cry brute and tyrant, and rage at the "injustice of a woman's being measured by the standard of her desirability to men. But why lose temper over so simple and irrefutable a law of nature? Aren't men measured in the same way? The kind of man who can't get any woman to take his love-

making seriously, doesn't he call forth the gentle grin of derision from not only women but his own sex as well? The "born old maid" among women deserves no larger honor.

Sex so far from being an incidental accomplishment which one may cultivate or not at his will—is one of the biggest things in life, an integral part of character, and the greatest index *to* character and human capability. The man who can't make good as man, and the woman who can't make good as woman, can neither of them make good as human beings.

The professors, always a little behind the rest of the procession, are just beginning to see, peering through their spectacles, and to announce to the world as a bran-new discovery, a fact which sensible

people have long been aware of, that sex is perhaps the most important feature in the animal and mental economy, and that uncommon talent and genius are dependent upon its large development in the individual. Sex distinction was created for the good of the race. To obliterate it means only race retrogression and decay. The modern feminist movement would seek to destroy sex.

Sometime ago there blossomed in the land the species knows as the "new woman." Did she, like Topsy, "just grow," or hadn't she an origin, a little obscure at first sight, but to be definitely traced back to the greater freedom of the individual in our modern life? A freedom that has given all sorts of "walking parts" a hearing that had never dared make themselves heard

on the stage before. There are many sports of real freedom that are not as fine a thing as the genuine article. Among them is, freedom for self-exploitation. The army of female malcontents, the whole bunch who ought to be snubbed and squelched, put in their place and kept in their place, are the ones who are trying to get a hearing for their normal vagaries from contemporary civilization and are actually being taken seriously here and there. That some men's heads are as soft as their hearts where women are concerned is rather a pity but true. Now it is one thing to respect women as women, another to be in abject fear and awe of anything in petticoats, whether woman, mere female, or pathological specimen.

The woman who is not a woman, what is she good for, except to kick

up a row? It is from them that this "feminist" gabble has started. It is from them that all the modern unrest of women—not the noble unrest of all human beings to whom growth is a law of being, but the pathological fever of irritable nerves—has proceeded. These stalwart dames, cross because they have little attraction for men except the gentle and timid brethren who need a kind of dry nurse for a wife, have declared war on all men. The New Woman is a degenerate and incompetent female who seeks to justify her existence by preaching the gospel that all women must be like her. And the women—well many of them have keen wits, but they are not used to thinking very deeply, and they are used to following like sheep any new fashion that comes into vogue. It is not to be sur-

prised at, that the fever spot in our sociey is spreading.

It is spreading to the good and sound women. The good women to-day who are lifting up their voices in acclaim at the signal of the suffragette band leaders, must be acquitted, poor innocents, of any knowledge of what these leaders are trying to get at, through their "economic freedom for women," "votes for women" racket. What they are working for—anyone who can read the language may find out from the printed books these soulful ladies have perpetrated—is, dissolution of the marriage-bond and of the family, communal rearing of children, the abolition of paternal authority and the paternal name, the abolition of the father, except as a mere convenience in breeding. Above all they are working for the

dominance of woman in economic and political life. They are advocating a return, in short, to polyandry and matriarchy, to outworn systems of the basest of civilizations. Is this an overstatement? Read the books of the feminists and see.

Woman in the last century has suddenly become self-conscious and is too startled at present to be rational. This sudden self-consciousness it is that makes her fancy she has "grievances." So has most every one in this mortal vale. What does she think life is anyway, a bed of roses? And why should she alone be wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease? How about the grievances and wrongs of the average man, married say when under the influence of too much idealization of women, and having to pay for it

by a lifetime of dissolution. You will see this same average man in ninety nine cases out of a hundred take his medicine like a gentleman, and face what is left of life with a certain grim courage, humor even. He doesn't wear his wounded heart on his sleeve. It's about time the women who boohoo because they find themselves on earth and not in paradise should buck up and quit rowing. Woman can't be a man, so let her give up trying. She may as well make up her mind to one of two things—she can be a good woman, or she can be a poor one.

The modern woman, in seeking to "broaden" herself, has spread herself out pretty thin indeed. For the great price she has paid she has bought neither health, pleasure nor profit in her life. In seeking to get into touch with non-essentials,

she has almost lost touch with the vital and essential facts of life.

Is it not to laugh—if it were not so sad—when you consider the delicious loveliness of mind and body possible to the human female to achieve if she tries, and then see the physical and spiritual monstrosities some of them choose to manufacture of themselves instead—the species hard of voice and of eye, who are becoming increasingly evident in our midst? Is this change of type of any more *use* than it is ornament? We know that woman *can* cultivate great muscular hardihood (it is sometimes done in the peasant women of the old world) and she *can* cultivate the aggressive qualities of mind that belong to the male. But either will result disastrously to her capacity to bear, and the quality of, her offspring. There-

fore we may say, that beauty and sweetness are in a woman not only pleasant but good. The hard-handed female of the primitive world had to give place to another type. Why try over again outworn theories of civilization, outworn and discarded types, and in doing so, set back the race?

"Votes for women" cannot be considered in itself. It is only one plank in the platform of the "new woman." Here's how it reads:

First. She has asked for the same education as man. Not an equal education, that wouldn't suit her, but the same. She has not been content even with higher education in separate schools, but she must—excuse us—butt into Harvard before she will rest. Second. She has asked for what she calls "economic

independence." She has elbowed her way into the industrial world, where she has lost her bodily health and her mental poise. Third. She has "struck" against child-bearing, against all the obligations that her sex of necessity imposes, against constancy in marriage with the rest. Why should she be a slave to virtue or anything else that fetters her soul?

And lastly, but not least, she's just got to have the ballot.

As to *education*, the main thing wrong with woman to-day is physical—it is impaired vitality. And it is caused by too much education. Not too much real education, but too much schooling of the wrong sort, that has congested her brain, made her mental processes abnormal, and drained her womanly or-

ganism of the blood and nerve force needed to keep it strong. Woman, more quickly than man, shows the effect of wrong thinking and overbalanced mental life, in defects of her sexual organism, and such defects and weaknesses in her more quickly and more terribly affect the mental processes in return, and so start a vicious circle.

"Our athletic womanhood" of today? Yes, we've heard about it. But somehow the average overmuscled woman can't face childbirth as her weaker mother could, without a string of doctors, nurses, and consultations of specialists, without astonishingly increasing abnormalities in the process—as our hospitals and clinics know—can't nurse her offspring if by chance she and it survive. No, not though she is six feet tall and can

put the shot over any man on the campus.

Even the male athlete knows the danger of muscular development at the expense of vital strength—much more so the danger to woman, whose temperament is vital, not muscular. The present-day woman plays tennis madly, for trophies; is basketball champion, champion runner, champion high jumper of her college; thinks nothing of dislocating a few of her necessary physical apparatus in athletic "stunts," insists that she can enter into any and all of the feats men attempt. But when it comes to wifehood, motherhood, to any test of her bodily vitality as a woman, she's away behind the woman of a generation ago. In the greatest feat she is called upon to perform, childbirth, muscular development may even be a detriment.

There is one rational development of her education she might have insisted upon, but she's been too superficial to grasp it, and that is the science of diet, sanitation, nursing and obstetrics. How many adult women, who may have the privilege of writing M.A. after their names, would, in an emergency, be able to assist or even advise another woman in pregnancy or childbirth? How many college graduates are any less stupid and blundering with their first baby than the absolutely illiterate woman? No, she knows less about the infant human than she does of an Icthyosaurus of the Paleozoic Age. She is Master of all Arts but the arts it's woman's business to know.

Then when through wrong education she's lost touch with and capacity to handle the home life,

she gets sour on it, naturally, and cries for "economic independence." "Economic independence!" The words are a senseless shibboleth with which some latter-day evangelists among the women have stirred up a grand rumpus among certain sapless females and long-haired college professors. The idea that woman is a non-producer, when the average woman is cook, nurse, housekeeper, financial steward for the household, *and* educator is rather funny. If she is a non-producer, what is a producer?

But she doesn't get pay for it?

Oh, so that's the difference between a producer and a non-producer.

Well why doesn't she get pay for it?

She has to ask her husband for every cent!

Does she? Not unless he's pretty much of a cad, or she's pretty much of a fool, she doesn't. Without going so far as to say that the ideal wife should freeze on to every cent of the husband's earnings and generously dole out carfare and sandwich money to him every day (we have *heard* of such cases) we do say that a woman with any spunk insists upon and gets a regular allowance from her husband's income, and unless he is absolutely rolling in poverty, saves money and has a bank account or investments of her own besides.

But that isn't economic independence!

Why?

Because, well because, her fortunes vary with her husband's fortunes. So do any business partner's vary with the firm's prosperity, and

marriage is a partnership, even in the money sense. A man's prosperity depends largely upon the comfort and inspiration his wife is to him, and on her management of the firm's outgo, in her handling of the Household expenses.

The invasion of women into industrial fields, in search for "economic independence," has resulted in the denial of one of *man's* rights—the right to a home and the wherewithal to support a family. Among the causes of the great economic discontent to-day, of "hard times," we must reckon the enormous and sudden addition to the number of workers seeking work. The women in the breadline of life are crowding out the men, and the men who are crowded out are not able to support the women who do want to

be and who ought to be mothers. They are not able to support a proper wife, but hired women come cheap, and though the cheap and nasty in life's ideals is never entirely relished, yet a red-blooded young man cannot be expected always to live the life of a monk. And one of the first results of the woman's invasion in industry is the growth of the evil of prostitution and the country's steady slow poisoning of vice to-day.

"Votes for women" means not only casting a vote at the polls, it means rather, the *final* word in the de-sexing of women begun by woman's inasion of the industrial world.

Woman has been rushed into commercial life—she has had no choice—where she is in danger of losing one of two things—her womanliness or her virtue. Mere

trifles, no doubt! Where the business woman has taken her work seriously, it fastens itself upon her like a vampire and eats out her health, her sweetness, her femininity. For woman's nature was never meant to serve an *impersonal* need, impersonal work is foreign to her temperament, is poison to her. On the other hand, where she has not taken her work seriously, she has been content to draw a salary for looking pretty and being sweet and pleasant; let's not continue the subject.

Now both womanliness and chastity have generally been accounted virtues in woman. Speaking by and large, they are good for her. It is a question which she can better afford to lose—they are both needed in her for the race.

Woman's virtue, what is it? Does

woman set so low a price upon chastity that she regards it only as a marketable commodity that ceases to interest her when she cuts loose from the home life into a life where the demand for it is less? We do not believe that. We believe the instinct of chastity to be ingrained in the hearts of all women but the lowest race types, that it is a subtle self-understanding of her own value, her high calling as a potential mother, which is reinforced by the loyalty and fidelity that her heart voluntarily and necessarily must give to the father of her children. But woman can stifle her normal instincts—the New Woman is stifling other instincts, why not this?

Woman's passions are milder than man's, for the sake of the time that maternity occupies and fixing

her heart steadfastly on her children. Her need of the other sex is less insistent than man's but it is more persistent, because more interwoven with her imagination and her emotions. That is why she makes such a fuss about it. That is also why she is the more quickly degraded by *unworthy* loves. When man errs it is through impulse. When woman errs it is generally through deliberation. So that the vicious woman is worse—as a social force, as an individual—than the vicious man. Normal woman has a craving for love and maternity, a craving strong enough to defy convention, even so-called "sin" and social outlawry. But normal woman has not a craving for sensual pleasure for itself, and when she cultivates this side of her nature it is at the expense of her physical and

spiritual capacity as a mother. That is why it seems a pity to see her standards lower.

Not all women in economic life lose their standards. But we say it in all respect for good women forced by necessity to leave the home and work side by side with men, that the economic struggle is a *danger* to all women. They may preserve their technical virtue, they cannot their ideals, intact.

Another development of the "larger life" for women is that we are facing the problem of a constant increase in the proportion of women *criminals*. Never like to-day has the female offender been so great a problem to the criminologist and social reformer. At the bottom of this is the shifting of woman's sphere from the home to the outside world.

Perhaps an even greater tragedy than that of the woman who in the economic struggle has lost her ideals, is that of the really nice and sweet girl forced into business life by some untoward circumstance, seeking to keep her purity of mind and body in the midst of temptations and looking forward vainly for the marriage that her work and other women's work is making every day more unlikely. For every woman pushing her way needlessly into economic life means *no home* for some other woman. For every such one, some sweet and wholly loveable woman must forego her mate and come to be one more in the procession of disappointed ones who have no place *but* in the economic life, and so harm other guiltless women in her turn.

We've heard a lot about Euge-

nics. Briefly, if women would get out and stay out of economic life and give young men a chance to make the means to marry the girl they want, it would do more than anything else for the improvement of the breed.

Certain ingenious-minded lady philosophers wail over the humiliating fact that the woman is a parasite on the male. For the woman who wants to be a parasite, who refuses not only motherhood but all wifely devotion as well, and gives not even the cash equivalent for her keep that a mistress would —for the woman who fancies herself some sort of Chinese idol, demanding but not repaying, every sacrifice—we have only contempt. But for the normal woman, the woman whose home responsibility conserves the health of the world's

workers and the woman who is a mother, to say that there is any question of *parasitism* is rotten sophomoric twaddle.

She is a mother, and doing a work that society is indebted to her for and which it is not feasible that society can directly recompense her for. So the father of her children does this, and if her income is dependent upon his, and is not a measure of the extent of her service to the state, what of it? Neither is the average man's income any measure of the value of his services to society, even if these things could be measured.

The aforesaid lady philosophers admit that woman must be supported (by some one) during her pregnancy, but she must, they hold, rush back to her "work" immediately again—to the factory toil,

salesladyship or office drudge that is to uplift her soul and give her dignity as a human being, while she leaves her real *work*, God help it, for the baby farm or day nursery, or if she is especially prosperous, to the sterile hands and carefully sterilized emotions of the professional trained nurse.

Oh, what's the use!

Woman must be supported during all the growing period of her children's lives if she is going to do justice to them, to the state, and to the race. She must continue to be supported after they are grown, because to talk in the most up-to-date "sociological" terms, she is entitled to a pension. That twenty-one years of infancy of the human race makes economic and political dependence of the normal woman imperative is a fact that doesn't stand

for any back-talk. The exception, the neuter woman, are not to be taken into account in the laws and standards made for normal woman.

Of course the answer to this is, Don't have any children! And this is the third claim of "emancipated" woman—the strike against child-bearing. Growing sterility has been the accompaniment of the woman's movement everywhere. Childlessness isn't all a matter of the pressure of the hardships of living. The foreign-born woman who comes over, paying the same rates for living as you and I, rears many strong sons and daughters and helps her "man" thriftily put by a little for the future at the same time. It is the foreign-born population with their large families who are depositing in our banks, who are building and renting the houses and flats in

which the American clerk and mechanic and his attenuated family live.

Are the women shirking childbearing and rearing because they are mentally and morally incapable of appreciating its tremendous importance and value, or is it because it looks a little too hard for them, and they have lost the wholesome love of a work in life—along with their *gabble about* work?

The woman who can be, in her province as housemother, the guardian of the nation's health, the educator of its race as home-maker, who as mother holds power for molding the bodies and souls of the future generations of men, thinks so little of her work, is as careless of what is committed to her care as an irresponsible child, and holds her work and sphere in life so "nar-

row" that she rushes to exchange it for the job of selling gloves over a counter, the soulful occupation of pounding a typewriter, or the really tony one of "lady blacksmith" or "lady barber," as the women's columns and women's journals keep us duly informed in their accounts of woman's Progress. Not content with these wonderful strides, she now yearns for the noble office of village dog-catcher or garbage collector or corner policeman, in which she may display the really fine and grand qualities of her nature and unlift the world.

Modern woman has "struck" for the same education, mental and physical, as man, and she is now about as adequately prepared for her work in life as a child of ten. For economic "freedom" and she's

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brought modern industrial society to the point where she's all but killed her chance of real living, of realizing herself in love and motherhood. She has sold her birthright for a mess of pottage, and very cheap pottage indeed. She has "struck" against child-bearing and brought about not only the decay of the American race but the increase of divorce—for since monogamous and permanent marriage of a man and woman has no rational cause but the upbringing and protection of children, where there are no children divorce follows as a natural consequence and in its train the homelessness, and the lack of patriotism and lack of religion due to homelessness in the American nation to-day.

She is trying to strike for the ballot, for another chance to injure

man, herself and the race. The yellow banner "Votes for Women" is the last insult which the New Woman has offered to the intelligence of civilized man.

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